THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 *Henry VI.*, *Act* 1, *Scene* 1.

LETTER VI.

More about Lobbywomen.

OLD BANGLES was a sensible man, after all. When a man gets to that time of life which lies beyond the darkness of the Middle Ages; when he begins to wish *all* his hair would turn gray instead of being grizzly in spots; when he looks forward to being known, at no distant day, as the venerable SMITH, or our universally respected fellow-townsman BROWN; when riotous living, being chiefly associated with dyspepsia, ceases to have for him its pristine charms, when purple and fine linen come to be regarded as youthful and expensive luxuries; when he begins to philosophize upon the apparently incontrovertible statement that Boys will be Boys; then, happy he who hath made friends with the *Lares* and *Penates*, and whom, especially, the God of comfort has taken under his protection. If he has no *Lares* and *Penates* of his own, let him staightway make friends with some other persons. There are no inns, now-a-days, in which you and I, dear reader, and JACK FALSTAFF can take our ease, as in the good old times, that, like choice wines, have improved so much with age, and which I honestly believe were neither more nor less sour than our own, *when new*. There are no inns: there are hotels, to be sure, but you wouldn't think of taking your ease in a caravanserai, would you? where can we take our ease, then, which must, by all means, be taken somewhere, lest we run to seed, but in our own homes, if we are of the class of BENEDICT, or miscellaneously, if jolly bachelors, in the snuggeries of our brother Arabs?

I am not sure that this process ever actually went on in the mind of the illustrious civic General, or, indeed, that any other process was conducted in those premises, beyond the very simple act of ratiocination involved in arriving at a conclusion respecting the advisability of taking another drink, or the ingenious and quite original parliamentary expedient of moving to lay that motion on the table or that the Senate do now adjourn. BANGLES was probably one of those carnal and unphilosophic creatures who, contented with results, do not care to trouble themselves much about the process by which they are reached. He knew that his own Household Gods had been sacrificed to uncomfortable splendor and that the utter regardlessness of expense evinced by Mrs. B., otherwise a fine, sensible, and ungrammatical lady, had banished comfort from his fireside; indeed, had exiled the very fireside itself. Woe to that man, I say, whose fireside is a *register!* I do not believe the domestic virtues can coëxist with the system of calorification through a hole in the wall, they all went out with the last cracking, roaring, and glowing wood-fire. Unhappy he who has no chairs that are not too fine to put his feet on, who has no room where he can smoke irrespective of curtains; no snuggery that can be "littered up;" no quiet corner where he and his friend and the bottle to give him, may meet round a blazing hearth with their feet (not the bottle's, however) on the hob, or their legs dangling over the side of the great easy chairs, and where, with genial chat of times and men that have gone and were so delightful when they were here, only we didn't know it then, the rusty old chain of friendship may be made to gleam again. And so I don't blame poor old BANGLES in the least for moving his Household Gods from his own house, where they couldn't have felt at home, and setting them up on either side of the andirons in the widow JOBLY'S library; where you either will or will not remember, we left him with a note of interrogation, at the end of the last chapter. To my mind, as I said just now, he was a sensible man. And oh! what a dear good woman was Mrs. JOBLY to find out his little weakness and pour oil upon the poor fellow's wounds. The Good Samaritan business generally pays six per cent, after all. A flask of sweet-oil and £0 : 0s. : 2d, I believe was the amount invested by the Samaritan gentleman referred to; think of it, Mrs. JOBLY, sweet-oil and 2d, for eternal gratitude—and a vote thrown in!

If BANGLES were of the generation of kid gloves and *deux-temps* I suspect I wouldn't have found him taking his ease in the widow's library. She would have done him as she does CAPERS, who represents the Fifth Phalanx District of South Carolina, and has taken to TERPSICHORE as the settled conviction of his maturer years; or as she does that little fellow TARANTULER, who is said to be the youngest member of the House. Look at the little man as he spins round the room supporting, in rather a closer way than circumstances absolutely require, the handsomest woman in the room. FANNY EPLETTS is no longer the gay, gushing, young thing she was, to be sure, but then marriage is not a cloister in Washington, as it is in most cities; and so long as a woman is handsome and fascinating, either or both, a few years or a husband more or less make very little difference to such of us men as like to dance with the handsome women and talk with the fascinating, as who of us does not? The wall-flower is a rare plant, indeed, in Washington society. It makes its brief appearance, when it does appear, just after "coming out," or just before going in. I think there is no other place where we old fogies have so good a time. When little TARANTULER does at last stop, because the music has stopped, and they are tuning up the fiddles for the "Lancers" or the "Imperial," just look at the pairs. There they are, after whirling round and round, and round the room, at a pace and with a pertinacity that I verily believe must have driven the most hardened of dervishes wild with envy, and which I know would have laid the writer on the floor, a red-hot revolving mass—there they are just as cool and placid—nay, twice as cool, for that matter—as the old fellow who has been leaning against the wall near the folding-door, with his thumbs in his white waistcoat-pockets, watching the performances, and who now has the honor of imparting to you the result of his observations. So they settle down by the window—where the heavy curtains are, FANNY only a little beady about the forehead, and the fingers of her gloves requiring to be caressed out of their little wrinkles, while her partner fans himself with the two inches of red fan and one inch of looking-glass which she has given him to hold for her. My dancing days are over, alas! but as the middle-aged gentleman of not unprepossessing appearance, who was just now leaning against the wall, hears that frantic *galop* in the middle of which the second fiddler incontinently drops his instrument and plays the dashing accompaniment with the castanets, I pat my foot (it was a very small one once) excitedly, and understand the feelings of the old war horse pricking up his ears and pawing the ground, with a fierce snort at the old sound of "boots and saddle" or a score of bugles; and all the delicious dances of the past rush in upon me and are danced over again, until the spell is broken with a "Hullo, what are you doing here? Let's go in to supper!"

Turned up Again.

We find the following in the *Manchester Guardian*, not of N. H. but of O. E.—Old England, you know:

"A strange scene was enacted on Tuesday in the Bristol County Court. A solicitor named GUPPY, had been entrusted with the conduct of one of the cases; but, being evidently in a state of intoxication, gave great annoyance to the Court, before his turn came. At length he was fined by the judge. He threw the money across the table, but did not cease interrupting the proceedings, he was ultimately taken out of the Court by two policemen."

We are very, very sorry to learn such things of The Young Man by the Name of GUPPY. When we last heard of him in a work by the eminent DICK ENS he was in comparatively flourishing—but we give him up. Attaining the dignity of solicitor has not made him solicitous of appearing as a great moral example.

Unpardonable.

Why is the "objecting" member of Congress from Kentucky like a chandelier?

Because it is a burner, and he is a Burnett.

Why is the above conundrum like a South Carolina ancestor?

Because it is a Gas-con.

A Scotchman's Opinion of Broadway.

"This bonnie Broadway, in winter, minds me just o' the heather in Scotland; for it's a' fu' o' Bells that peep out fresh an' winsom, fra' amang the Furze."

Why the World can never Come to an End.

Because it's always Round.

TO YOU WHO READ.

WHEN the Time comes.

Should this country pass softly through the present crisis,

Should Fanaticism and Delirium be remembered as things that were?

Should we ever, when *primus inter pegnos*—first among the great nations searchingly review the *real* origin of the danger.

Should it be asked, *ex-quocunque capite*—from what cause did all this spring?

Then will it be answered clearly and truly by the scholar of the Coming Age that the great beginning and the continued aggravation of the Curse was in tolerating the existence of that vast number of vile leeches, contemptible cormorants, *remoræ*, TITE BARNACLES, parasites, what you will that is base and blood-sucking—in short, of Politicians. There's where the Curse lies.

For years past Congress has been a great Cock-pit where men of small talents and great bombast, quarreled over the Negro. They spit and snarled, swore, and sometimes fought; and the whole country thought it such a beautiful thing. Such an Immense Importance! So Exciting. Business was shelved —tucked out of the way among Committees—the Lobby sprung up into rank, riotous luxuriance—no matter—the Negro, the Negro, the Everlasting Negro was all in all—and Buncombe and Squabbling and Gas went shares with him.

BUT the POLITICIANS flourished. Oh it was grand for them. The more they squabbled so much the more they swindled. Like pickpockets at a fair, they got up fights, to cover rascality.

Hard words, hey? As the Lord saveth there is not one word here spoken which will not appear as solemn truth in future History.

The North has been drunk and the South mad with this stuff of Politics. Every youth south of Mason and Dixon's, who had an average coon's sense, devoted himself to Po-li-tics, PATRICK HENRY and the Resolutions and speeching and debating. So that it at last became very true, as somebody boasted a year or two ago, that every boy of twelve, there knew more about the history of Southern politics than the college-bred men of the North did of their own.

It was true enough, too. Much boy we wish them of the knowledge. But they are not so well posted as Mexicans and Chilians are in the important history of their own *pronunciamentos*. To be sure Chilenos can't generally read. *No importe!*

Now we have sowed the Wind, and are reaping the Whirl-Wind. A devil of a one it is, too! How pleasant you like it!

Now just let it be remembered—and the sooner you begin to digest the fact the better—we shall get out of this mess to little purpose if we are going straight back to the rule of the Old Hacks or of any "Politicians." What we want is Business Men to do Business—not speech-makers and gladiators. Diplomacy is changing rapidly abroad—the old Cameralism, corruption is giving way to Political Economy and Educated Business Management.

But before this can be done, the men of the United States—very probably You who read this—not the number—must learn to disuse much of your national Coxcombade, Self-Conceit, Strut, Vain Gloriousness, Braggart, High-Falutinism and Impertinent Vaunting—and in short, Spread-Eagleism of all kinds. We have had a great deal too much of it, and you have made It, and not MERIT the test of qualification for office. It must all be stopped. You have disgusted Sense with your atrocious vanity, and reflected it in your precious politicians. And now in the time of need, you see what the wind-bags are made of! Let there be a general sweep, a general clear-out, and in future an age of new principles and of new and solid Men. Give us a Re-Election, new Representatives, and a fresh start.

OUR SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

MECHANICS.

Among the recent applications for patents, the most interesting is one for an invention by which the telegraph will communicate speeches and other matters without any preliminary writing. The speaker takes in his mouth, between the cheek and jaw a small hollow ball of softened zinc, filled with sulphuric acid and connected with the battery by a floss wire. The ball yielding as readily as india-rubber, each pressure by the cheek, jaw and teeth of the speaker transmits a current that registers the sign of a corresponding syllable. The number of syllables being few compared with the number of words, the vocabulary will not be formidable. Under this invention it is contemplated to have a system of tubing, enclosing wires terminating in the zinc balls, from the desk of every Member of Congress to the telegraph office, so that by clapping the ball in his mouth as he catches the speaker's eye, the jaw of the member and the telegraph will commence working at the same moment, and the metropolitan press will have his speech with only one intermediate copying. A cut-off is provided by which the Press can interrupt the current whenever the remarks are considered not worth reporting (as may sometimes happen); and also a brake-attachment to keep the recoil current, in such case, from knocking the gentleman over. The inventor is favorably known to the public by his proposition to blow up Fort Moultrie, by tubing under water with sections of the Charleston Artesian well, the timely discovery of which caused the abandonment of that Fort by Major ANDERSON.

A USEFUL HINT TO THE SOUTH FROM A SCIENTIFIC BOTANIST.

In case of a want of ammunition in the Southern States, why not use the May Apple—the Podophyllun *Pett-at-um*; though, if what chemists tell us be true, that its active principle, like that of the Cotton-plants, is always *Pod-a-phyllin'* it may be too valuable to throw away.

BOTANY.

"The common chat of gossips when they meet."—DRYDEN.

The Cotton-plant has been well-named by botanists the *Gossypium*, for the Cotton States certainly have more to say now-a-days than any others.

A HINT FOR THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Our old Aunt-Arctic wondered why they don't call the very cold regions far up North—*North Poland*.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT FROM THE PRESENT ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Weather—Hayes-y.

CHEMISTRY.

Rule in use in Hard Times.
Regulus of Ante-mony.

Nitrate of Silver.
Lodgings 25 cents.

Oil of Juglandium.
Whiskey.

Terra Umbra.
Dreamland.

Sophistical, but True.

While all business is at a stand still in Charleston, and all trade is stopped, drinking is said to be more prevalent than ever. This VANITY FAIR thinks, is readily explained by the fact that Collector COLCOCK has resigned, and the State has erected batteries in the harbor which make the Bar the only Custom House.

Con: for Free-Masons Only.

Why is the Order like the French Sceptic, VIGNEREAU?
Because one of its principal works is A-hymn-on Reason!

Such a 1.

Why are good pickings to be got from a Breach of Promise Case?
Because it is a tender lawin'.

A Bit of Information.

It has been widely stated that Mr. RAREY can subdue the most obstinate horse without putting a Bit in his mouth. This may be so; but in every instance that came under our own observation of the great hippogogue's power, we remarked that he gave his horse a couple of Rolls before he had done with him.

Philologico-Idealism.

Perhaps the best proof of the real unreality of apparent existences lies in our commonly-accepted language of description. Thus, we all know that an Unspeakable delight, is, after all, Nothing to Speak Of.

By Our Bowery Contributor.

Why did the Pope procure a certain General to subjugate Italy?

Because he thought he could, with his assistance, Lamm-her easier (Lamoriciére.)

A Most Unsatisfactory Con.

Why were the gold-fields of California, in 1845, like those of Australia in 1850?

Never Mined!

A Nut for the Times.

Who was CHESTNUT's political progenitor?

A. BURR.

Advice for the guidance of Hens during the Winter months.

Lay Still.

PLEASANT HALLUCINATION.

Equestrian.—"AH, YES! THAT'S THE CRUISER TAIL. DOBBIN IS FREQUENTLY TAKEN FOR CRUISER, NOW; AND I DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT'S THE WHISKERS, OR WHAT, BUT THE BOYS SHOUTED "RAREY!" AFTER ME JUST NOW, AS I RODE THROUGH THE PARK!"

WEATHERCOCK JOURNALISM.

The Washington Correspondent of the *Herald* is an extraordinarily prudent person. He is bound to get at the truth of every report that comes up in the City of Magnificent Distances, so he gives each side of each rumor, one after another, with a refreshing gravity, and impudence, swearing to the truth of every one as it appears.

The following, we have every reason to believe, was written by a young man, a pupil of this indefatigable journalist. The success with which the scholar has emulated his teacher's manner is remarkable. As to the means by which we came into possession of the document, we leave the reader to guess:

"TELEGRAPHIC CORRESPONDENCE for a Daily paper; WASHINGTON, MONDAY: There is not the slightest doubt but what a well-organized conspiracy is on foot, having the capture of the Capitol and public buildings for its object. In fact, it is openly acknowledged by many of the Southern senators, and is a common topic for hotel-discussion, etc.

"TUESDAY: The report in yesterday's *Herald*, concerning the conspiracy to seize the Capitol has created the greatest excitement here. The plot is so deeply laid and well managed that hardly anybody knew of its existence, until informed by the *Herald*.

"WEDNESDAY: I have been tracing the "great conspiracy" story to its source, and can state positively that no such plot exists. The people of Washington would rise as one man, to quell any attempt at an outrage of that nature.

"THURSDAY: New developments have come out, showing the conspiracy to capture Washington, on the 4th of March, to be much more serious than was at first imagined. All the preparations are completed, and a force of 2,000 men are now perfecting themselves in the use of arms. The ringleaders are, some of them, men in high places. I am not permitted, at present, to enter into details.

"FRIDAY: The "conspiracy" hoax is just now the theme of talk and laughter here in all circles. General SCOTT informs me that with a force of fifty men, the city could be held against a mob of ten thousand. The story originated with one of the cheap scurrilous lobby organs . . . a paper whose columns are notoriously venal. Evidently the alarmist dodge is about played out.

"SATURDAY: A secret investigation is being held, with a view to ferreting out the real facts concerning the proposed besiegement of Washington on the 4th of March. Much startling intelligence has come to light, and the Mayor informed me, last night, that he was willing to bet ten to one that LINCOLN would never be inaugurated here. Next week, I shall doubtless be at liberty to disclose all.

"SUNDAY: The Committee of Inquiry into the Washington-seizure conspiracy, have settled the whole affair beyond a doubt. It is an absurd *canard*, invented by some newspaper-correspondent in want of a sensation-paragraph."

Lucus a non Lucendo.

Calling a boy a shaver because he has no beard.
Or establishing a stationery business in Walker street.
Or setting up a policy Fence in Wall street.
Or supposing that a BRIDGET can become a good Katerer.
Or believing that your clothes will not become Seedy because your wife has a Sowing Machine.

"If this be Treason."

Though the remedy's old still its virtue will hold,
Whenever the olive—branch fails:
When men, armed for treason, our letters may seize on,
Like HOLT try *suspending the mails*.

Washington.

Whenever a Washington paper publishes an original joke, guns are immediately fired in the outskirts of the city. There hasn't been a gun fired in the outskirts of Washington for many, many years.

GAUDE MUS.

A light-hearted elderly man, hop-skipping along the gay thoroughfare,
Say why so elastic thy tread, so confident why thy progressing?
Innocuous person, impart to one of some singular stir aware
The mystery of this electrical lightness that baffles my guessing."

"Kind sir, I your question will con, though of riddles, indeed, I no solver am,
But first let me sing *gaudeam*, and likewise *laus Deo et gloria*,
That I, on the Way called the Broad, somewhat fearless of knife and revolver am,
Where lately I shambled with tread, like a country lout red from Peoria."

"The reason, in guise debonnair my Broad Way with flowers I'm scattering,
Is that Confidence whispers 'Old boy, your scalp is secure on your skull again,
For Justice has doubled her fists the bloated bread-baskets to batter in,
And settle the hash of such coves as ENRIGHT, and MASSEY, and MULLIGAN?'"

"Then dance me a light saraband, while I in a wild saltarello
My feelings hilarious depict, with festival glee as I fling again
Exclaiming 'Give Justice her head, for she is a jolly good fellow,
When catching the Voice of the Day, she sings the good song o
Sing-Sing again!'"

TREMENDOUS IDEA.

We find the following immense article in the *Independent South*, published at Holly Springs, Mississippi:

A FIRST RATE IDEA.—We were informed a day or two back by a gentleman engaged in forwarding the undertaking, that our fellow-citizens in the vicinity of Waterford are making up a volunteer company of elderly men, who are to be ready for service in a few days, every man to take with him a negro man, who is to act as body servant to his master, and fight by his side if necessary. Some who are not able to go into service are offering to furnish the negro for such non-slaveholder as will volunteer. They are going to tender their services to the Governor to go to any point in the State; but not to leave the State. The conception is a first rate one, and should be carried out in other portions of the State. Our Waterford friends expected to complete their organization on yesterday.

Elderly gentlemen with negroes to fight for them. First rate. Then those sedentary individuals who offer to furnish the negro. Gr'r'rand. Evidently no fighting can be done without a black body servant there. Cuffy is to carry the gun of course, fire it when directed, and we presume do up all the practical and dangerous part of the fighting, while the elderly gentleman "directs."

In the old times some of the ancestors of these warriors announced at once, that

"For to fight the enemy
We're going for to go."

But the Holly Springers are satisfied so far with declaring through their organ that they "are Going to tender their services to the Governor, to Go"—which is quite a variation on the old song. Let us hope and pray that the venerable gentlemen and their sable pro-combatants and brethren-in-arms may be content with stopping "at the word Go," and not be compelled by force of secessive circumstances to expose their aged forms and eleven hundred dollar aids to the villainous bullets which respect neither chivalric propriety nor colored property.

A Trying Situation.

A Whaler's after the Whale is along side.

"REGRETS."

"Mayor WOOD regrets."

Now nobody would be astonished at FERNANDO'S expressing regrets could he once be brought to see the deeds of his past life, as they are viewed by all honest men. The bitter agony of remorse which would shoot across *that* conscience once wide awaked might be placed in rivalry with anything narrated of Hindu saints who by centuries of self-torture sought to rule the Infinite.

But FERNANDO, we're sorry to say, hasn't manifested the slightest sign of decent contrition or compunction. For aught we know he still believes himself perfect, and his enemies a batch of iniquitous, nasty wretches. His regrets—excepting such as he sends to invitations—are for anything but his sins. He regrets, in short, that he cannot aid treason, civil-war, and disunion by helping the State of Georgia to arms. If he had the power, he says he "would summarily punish the authors of this seizure of private property."

Thank God that he hasn't! Thank God that his evil will and unscrupulous selfishness have been pretty effectually repressed, and that he cannot disgrace our city and country as no man in his position ever did before in this land.

FERNANDO—there's some law left yet, in New York to keep guns from going over to the enemy. You may think that *Lex de Miniemus non curat*—but it does—it cures 'em a good deal and it'll cure you some day, after the fashion recommended by the *Evening Post*—wasn't it?—if you're not careful.

Regrets! Whew-w-w! *your* repentance!!

"I am no baby, I, that with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul."

TRUE ENOUGH.

VANITY FAIR finds the following item at present in favor among the weeklies:

"It was recently remarked that a spider's web furnishes a better plan for the laying out of new cities than any which has yet been devised by surveyors and engineers. Any one who can find a distinct and complete web unbroken will see how beautifully regular it is, and how perfectly adapted for the quickest passage from one point to another. The concentric rings are not circles, but polygons; radiating exquisitely regular and straight."

Exactly. But to pass over the fact that some old illustration of MORI's Utopia or of Campanella did present the world—two centuries ago—with a quaint view of such a radiating town, we would call attention to the circumstance that Down East and Out West speculators long ago discovered "that a Spider's Web furnishes a better plan for the laying out of new cities, etcetra and soforth," as shown by the old ballad,

"Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly."

Don't you remember, sir, how spiderly you were induced to put your odd dimes into the great and growing metropolis of Wanquanokwaka? Buzz'z'z? And be it furthermore advised that the spider-web principle not only furnishes an admirable plan for the "laying out" of cities, but also of small capitalists. How effectually was our friend JOSSY "laid out" after being webbed into a promising Jersey plan for a new city—a Petra or Perranus, *in sabulo*, a town among the sands. And how thoroughly Government has been COBB-webbed. Buzz'z'z!

Note to a note Broker.

SIR:—I must decline selling you the note at the rate you speak of. But permit me to express my obligation for the Great Interest you would have taken in the negociation. Yours,

AMBROSE FISCULL.

P. S.—Authentic.

How to Shell Charleston.

Send our ex-collecter AUGUSTUS there to receive the revenues.

The Governmental Power of Mexico.

Grand-ease.

Valuable Only on account of "Associations."

Socialistic Theories.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VI.

The evening after Mr. Isaiah Primpenny's meeting with his old schoolmate was passed by that portion of the family which had not yet become prodigal and wandered off into the far country of 34th St., in a most hilarious and agreeable manner. It was at first proposed to go to the theatre, but Mr. Reuben Kineboy had promised his daughter not to go to the theatre while he was away from home, her ideas of that place being founded upon a book she once read in Sunday School, which showed how a boy who used to go there finally came to be hung. She considered it a place where elderly gentlemen sit in a deep hole in the ground called a pit, with blushes of conscious shame on their venerable countenances, while their right hand neighbors are dextrously abstracting their watches, and the bad characters on the left are appropriating their wallets, after which proceeding the elderly gentlemen are always carried off into some dreadfully obscure place, made obliviously drunk, knocked down and sent to States-Prison for it. Mr. Kineboy not being able to gainsay this view of the facts from actual observation, had allayed Miss Melissa Kineboy's apprehensions, by promising that unless under the most aggravated circumstances of necessity, he would not venture into the street after eight o'clock in the evening.

Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Primpenny cast about for some way in which they could make it most agreeable for their guest at home. At last Lottie Primpenny suggested that they should ask Mr. Kineboy to decide what he'd best like, for himself. This straightforward way of proceeding was accordingly adopted. And Oh what an amazing comfort it would be if entertainers could only adopt it generally! There is Mrs. Blummerie, who when I go to see her always gives me sponge-cake, and charlotte-russe and chocolate-ice, and some of that fearful pale sherry, which instead of being pale ought to blush port-color for calling itself sherry at all. How I long to have Mrs. Blummerie ask *me* to name the entertainment, that I may reply—"My Dear Madam, since you are so kind, let it be a porter-house steak, rare, with Worcestershire sauce, a dish of sliced potatoes warmed up with milk, salt and butter after the dear old country fashion, a few codfish balls, a plate of assorted pickles, and a toby of ale." When civilization has reached its acme, Mrs. Blummerie *will* do that to me!

Accordingly Isaiah Primpenny told Reuben that he wished to get up a little entertainment for him, and asked as a favor that he'd say what he liked.

"Oh na-ow 'Saiah!" replied Reuben "da-ont ye-où go to makin' no change in yeour family arrangements for me!"

"Change? Stuff! We always have something to eat in this house. The only question is what it shall be, and one thing's as easy got as another. We always have something going on, too, to keep us lively in the evening. Now what shall *that* be? Speak out, or upon my word, Mrs. Primpenny will feel hurt. Likewise Lottie and I."

"Wall—I daon't want to hurt your feelins'—so suppose we say eysters? Is there sich a kind as harf-shell? I kinder thought I'd heerd on 'em, and it's al'ays been a pertikler desire o' mine to know what harf-shell eysters *was* like. We daon't git 'em any way but seldom, to hum, and then they're in leetle square tins with no shell to 'em o' no kind. Wall, call it harf-shell eysters, and singin'."

So oysters and singing it was.

"That's a right daown purty little gal of yours, 'Saiah!" said Mr. Kineboy. "I wish I had my Melissy here, and I vaow, wouldn't they make a match team, though? Both on 'em round an' rosy an' spry, an' I dew declare your gal an' mine has got jist the same larfin' face that you'd expect music out of as nat'ral as pie out of a punkin. Sing Balermy, my dear?"

"I don't know it by that name, Mr. Kineboy."

"*Pa*-owerful chune, Balermy! When I git hum I'll cut it out of an old Sabbath Dulcimer that Melissy don't use since I've gin her a new one, and send it to you in a Burlington *Sentinel*. Wall sing your purtiest, my dear. S'lect your own chune."

With a mother's pardonable pride Mrs. Primpenny bustled up to the piano and opened one of Lottie's music books to "Robert toi que j'aime." It was the piece which Lottie's music master, Signor Ghiribizzo, had asserted that she sang with far more expression than Miss Blummerie. And every body knows that Miss Blummerie is one of those few hundred young ladies in New York who sing quite as well as Grisi, and would create a great sensation in Opera, if their aristocratic relatives didn't make violent opposition to their going on the stage.

"There, sing that for Mr. Kineboy," said Mrs. Primpenny. "This is out of the Italian Opera, Mr. Kineboy, and represents a young lady violently in love. I'll turn over the leaves for you, my dear."

Mr. Kineboy tipped his chair back as far as possible, lifted one of his immense feet, placed it across the knee of the opposite leg, and completed the attitude of admiring expectation by opening his mouth to a degree which would have indicated to an inexperienced person that he heard through that organ exclusively.

As Miss Lottie commenced, Mr. Kineboy's face assumed a look of puzzle. He gradually drooped his chair with the progress of the cavatina, and eventually hollowed his hand beside his ear like a painfully deaf person. When the voice of the fair songstress died away and she struck the final chords, Mrs. Primpenny turned from the piano with a look of proud satisfaction and waited for his applause.

"Was the young woman raly in love with the young man?" asked Mr. Kineboy.

"Very much so indeed!" said Miss Lottie.

"You're sure she wan't mad with him, nor nothin'!"

"Oh no! She only felt sorry for him, she thought he was going to be killed."

"Wall, I dew declare, I thought they were havin' an orful spat! I couldn't jist ketch the words, but she seemed to be givin' it to somebody pa-owerful! Don't she say 'O Bear! Fi for shame!" back there when she's beginnin' to pile it on?"

"Oh dear no!" replied Miss Primpenny, laughing good-naturedly, "that's 'Robert toi que j'aime,' it means 'Robert, thou whom I love.'"

"Oh, it does, heh? What kind o' talk is it?"

"It's French, but the music is what they call Italian Opera."

"Tew be sure! I see. It's a French young woman makin' an Eye-talian uproar. Wall! That's a good name for it. Them French and Eye-talians is great on uproar as I've always heerd. It's very funny. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Right-daown funny! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

And Mr. Kineboy laughed immoderately to express his delight at what he supposed was intended for an excellent comic song.

"I'll tell you what to sing," said Mr. Primpenny, perceiving the distress of his excellent little wife at the mistake made by their daughter's audience. "If you want to give Reuben something in French that he'll really enjoy, try him on that Revolutionary thing, the hymn you know, I forget-his-name, or rather I don't care to say it. These children get so far ahead of us, Reuben, with their French and their Italian and what-not, that the old folks are ashamed to talk before them."

"Oh yes!" said Miss Lottie enthusiastically. "The Marseillaise Hymn! How would you like to hear the song that took Sebastopol, Mr. Kineboy?"

"It did take at Sebastopol, heh? They're fond o' singin' there, I suppose."

"I mean the French sang it when *they* took Sebastopol, you know."

"Oh sartin! I r'collect. That was when the English fellers sang Annie Laurie. My Melissy sings *that*, but I never heerd her do t'other. I'll be much obleeged to you for it."

Animated by the desire to retrieve her late defeat, Miss Lottie threw her whole soul into the spirit-stirring Paean of the Barricades and Trenches. She rolled her r's like a veritable Frenchman, and her eyes like equally liquid letters of the alphabet, chanting the minor passages in a passionate recitative, and convulsing her whole frame as well as that of the piano with the noble rage of the sentiment. The Marsellaise began to vindicate itself as one of those strokes of nature which makes the whole world kin. Mr. Kineboy's first sign of appreciation appeared in a spasmodic and rythmical action of the right foot. The convulsion crept up from the extremities to the trunk, and finally as the doctors would say, involved the whole muscular and nervous systems. The old man's eyes snapped, he doubled his fists, he swayed his body with the surging of the tempestuous measure, and at last, though he could not understand a single word except "Marchons," which he supposed to be a felonious conversion on those French feller's part of our English "March on," for which they probably had no synonym in their own miserable lingo—he began emitting sundry deep bass growls as nearly as possible in chord with Miss Lottie's soprano. When she concluded, Mrs. Primpenny turned to him once more with a look of more assured triumph.

"There, Mr. Kineboy. What do you think of the song that took Sebastopol?"

"*Thin*, mum? Why ef they'd sung that chune to me, I could ha' tuk it myself with a pickaxe!"

It being now sufficiently long after dinner for healthy organizations to eat again, the "harf-shell oysters" were brought up, accompanied by several bottles of excellent Sauterne, and a dish of ham sandwiches. Mr. Kineboy was somewhat disappointed to find that harf-shell oysters differed in no material respect save position from oysters without any shell at all, and hesitated before taking the tremendous leap of swallowing them raw for the first time in his life, but having committed himself by his own proposal, resolved to learn how, or die in the attempt. After the first dozen he was so far from finding himself compelled to take the latter alternative, that he made room for a dozen more, being greatly fortified for the effort by a bottle of that delicious Sauterne, which he persisted in calling capital bottled cider. At the close of the entertainment, he selected one of the largest empty shells, and wrapt it in his bandanna "to take hum," as he said, "to Melissy, who had never seen an eyster shell, and he kalkilated she wouldn't mind knowin' what they was like."

A pleasanter little family than reassembled near the piano after the "harf-shells" were over, can with difficulty be conceived by the mind of the domestic philanthropist. There was Isaiah, the business wrinkles gradually disappearing from his countenance under the flat-iron of social converse, Mrs. Primpenny, blue-eyed forty five, wearing her own original brown hair, and altogether one of the roundest, best-preserved little wives who ever reached that age when a woman becomes an unhappy shrew or takes a new lease of youth, which lasts as long as grass grows or water runs, for she had from the beginning kept herself in smiles like a peach in sweet pickle—Miss Primpenny, a reduced medallion of her mother—a feminine note of hand promising to pay all sorts of matronly goodness at thirty years sight, to which that mother was reliable endorsement, and Reuben Kineboy, like a massive statue of Agriculture done in weather beaten bronze, which some country Moral Reform Society had insisted upon putting into a very ill-fitting rustic pair of Sunday pantaloons. As they gathered in the parlor after supper, Mrs. Primpenny wished—not because she thought the party unpleasant as it was, but for thinking how much pleasanter it might have been with added fifth. Fifth? No! First! for when was a prodigal represented by any other number in a mother's heart?

With woman's instinct, and sister's sympathy too, Miss Primpenny divined the cause of that sigh, and to prevent the sadness of it from becoming contagious, asked Mr. Kineboy if he didn't sing.

"Sing?" replied Mr. Kineboy with alacrity as if a slumbering echo had been awakened by the question. "Wall, I guess I used to do it *some!* I was goin' to ask Saiah if he didn't remember it, but come to think, he left afore I got my vyce. It was arter that, four years, when I used to be head bass in the meeting-house under ole singin'-marster Sanders. I kalkilate as haow I did sing them times. I lost my vyce airly, though," added Reuben regretfully.

"How was that?" asked Miss Primpenny with great interest

"All o' bein tew zealous" replied Mr. Kineboy. "Naow zeal's a good thing in meetin'—or in agricultur—or politics. But as I told a boy that was bound out to me last summer, by the s'lectmen, I findin' him in food and clothes, t'aint no use to split out yer pantaloons when ye haint got another pair. Zeal's good—but zeal ain't everything. *Keer's* sumthin. So is prudence. It was zeal as did the byzniss for me.

"Tell us about it!" chimed the ladies.

"Wall, it's an onkimmon disagreeable subjict, but I daon't mind ef I dew. Yew see as haow we made an orful grand day o' Thanksgivin' up eour way, and I, bein I had bass o' the singers, wanted one time to dew up the chunes we were goin' to have, mighty slick. So sez I to Ki Perkins—he was next bass but I wan't no ways jealous o' him, for I sot up with his sister reg'ler those times, sez I, we're goin to have Lift up yer heads O ye gates! to-morrow in meetin', and that are's a chune that wants a mighty paowerful bass. Naow I'll tell you what we'll jist do. You be ready at eight this evenin', and come out to kinder quiet, without sayin' nothin' tew the folks, and we'll go an' sit under the canal bridge all night. "Won't they ketch us at it?" sez Ki. "No sez I", we're the only bass singers in the choir, and there ain't no other singers whose vyce a cold will improve. So sez Ki, "'greed." That night we met accordin' to 'intment, and went daown to the bridge. We thought we heard a little stirrin' when we got nigh tew 't, and on comin' closter, I vaow there was ole Jim Bassett the fust bass o' Picklebury meetin' house, and Joe Cooper, him what sang the same part over to Cutterville, and Deacon Black from the Shankstown choir, and seein' as they hadn't no canal bridge up their way to git ready for the Thanksgivin' singin' under, I'll be consarned ef they hadn't come over to make use o' ourn!

"Ki!" said I, "dod rotted mean this here ain't it?" Said he, that's so, but what air we a goin' to dew? 'Let's go and accuse 'em of it,' sez I.

So we did, and the way they left was purty. They sneaked out from under that air bridge like a cat out of a milk pantry. Ef we hadn't promised to say nothin' about it, I kalkilate they'd never ha' shown their face agin in meetin'. So the coast bein' clear, Ki an' I went daown an' sot under the bridge all night. Wall, the next day wasn't there singin' in eour meetin' haouse? The congregation looked araound a dozen times ef they did once to see who that was that was makin' the benches tremble. Arter meetin' was over, the singin' marster come to me, and sez he, "Mr. Kineboy," (I felt more sot up than ever, then, fur that was the fust time he'd ever been respectful enough to forget I had a christen' name). "Mr. Kineboy," sez he, "don't want to flatter, but yeou ripped things! Yeou owe it tew yerself to git a meusical edication. Consarn me ef yeou didn't go spang daown tew low C." Wall so I did go daown. An' stayed daown tew, fur one while. I come orful nigh never gettin' up agin! The cold I tuk under that air darned bridge went to my chist, and I had a congistion that lasted me six weeks. Sence that time my vyce hain't never been what it was. Still to obleege yeou I daon't mind ef I sing an' old chune I used to know when I was a boy. It's rayther pay-thetic, and don't require much goin' up an' daown. Did ye ever hear tell o' Peggy Gordon, my dear?"

"I have read about it, and often thought I'd like to hear it," said Miss Primpenny with enthusiasm. "What key do you sing it in? I'll play the accompaniment for you."

"Never mind the pi-anny, my dear, it a kind o' runs me off the track when I'm singin'. The music a sorter gits between my legs when I'm runnin' up an' daown myself, an' trips me. But I don't mind havin' yeou come into the chorus with that pretty little vyce o' yourn ef yeou kin ketch the chune."

Mr. Kineboy threw his head back, assumed an expression of countenance proper to a gentleman in immediate view of his decease, and with the consciousness that he was leaving no means for the support of a large family, but supposed by rural musicians to be eminently necessary for the correct rendering of melodies, and beat time with his boot as if he had a spite against it and would much prefer kicking it, only that his heel were in some unaccountable manner fastened to the floor. Having combined these favorable adjuncts, Mr. Kineboy in a voice still retaining reminiscences of the night under the bridge which years had been unable to efface, poured forth the lament which delighted our grandfathers.

THE POLITICAL AND THE SOCIAL.

Union Man.—"WHAT'S THE NEW DODGE OF FORKING YOUR BEARD, JACK?—NOT A SYMBOL OF DISUNION, I HOPE—EH?"

Lady's Man.—"AH! NO, I N EVER GO IN FOR POLITICS. FACT IS, TWO CHARMING GIRLS HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH MY BEARD, AND I'M OBLIGED TO DIVIDE THE CARESSED OBJECT BETWEEN THEM—SO."

Stuck Tight.

Postmaster HOLT has stopped off the mails for Pensacola in consequence of Florida's withholding letters to military officers stationed there. Pensacola may be derived, and again it may not, from the Spanish words *pensai*, to muse; *cola*, or glue:—and we leave the inhabitants of that dirty little place to reflect on being stuck in the absence of the mail bags and their contents.

Bull in the China Shop.

The policy of England towards China was best shown by the English soldier's exclamation at Pekin, who seizing a Chinaman by his pig-tail decapitated him, exclaiming: "Heads I win, Tails you lose!"

Just so.

GARIBALDI retired with nothing. The king took every thing.

Truly to the Victor belong the Spoils.

Virginia Proverbs.

A word to the Wise—Verbum Sap.

We may be good and happy without Ritchies.

Candacapital.

Why are BROOKS' speeches like smooth coppers?

They have neither head or tail to them.

Running for the Bare Life.

Croton into a Bath.

"I lay my head on a cask of brand-eye,
It is my pleasure I *dew* declare,
And while I'm drinkin', I still am thinkin',
Haow I may win my lady fa-a-a-a-air!"
CHORUS.—"Oh! PEGGY GORDON, you are my darlin'!
Come sit you daown by the side o' me,
And tell to me the ver-eye reason,
Why I am slighted so by th-e-e-e-e!"

"That's verse one," said Mr. Kineboy, "not bein' in vyce I couldn't dew justice tew it. Verse two, like verse one, containin' allusion to brandy an' sich might be open to objection on the ground o' bein' improper for young women's company, but as I'm not to be understood as authorizin' the sentiment, you kin excuse the words for the sake o' the chune which is nat'ral, also paythetic. Here's verse tew, and as I remark agin, the chorus is not by no means necessarily a solo for a single vyce.

"I wish I was in Covill Castle,
Where the marble-stones is black as ink,
Where all the putty—*g*-e-irls adore me!
I'll sing no more, until I dr-i-i-i-i-ink!"
CHORUS—"Oh, PEGGY GORDON you are my darlin'! &c."

With great difficulty restraining themselves from repaying Mr. Kineboy's compliment to that comic song from Robert, by at least a smile on the subject of Peggy Gordon—the ladies expressed their great delight at Reuben's performance, and added that he did not seem to have lost his voice at all. This so gratified him that he volunteered a promise to copy off the song and send it to Miss Primpenny, at the same time he dispatched Balermy.

It being now long after Mr. Kineboy's habitual bed-time, he indicated that fact by winding a watch which sounded so like a mill for the comminution of coffee, that MRS. Primpenny was reminded to ask him whether he preferred that beverage or tea for his breakfast. Having acquired this piece of information, and the other upon the subject of mattrass or feather bed invariably elicited by female heads of houses, Mrs. Primpenny permitted Mr. Kineboy to put the family through that rigorous piece of gymnastics, a Yankee hand-shake, and had him shown to bed.

(To be Continued.)

THE REVEREND ROSCIUS.

There is a piquant flavor of the footlights about the following brief telegram.

HENRY WARD BEECHER IN BOSTON.

BOSTON, Feb. 5, 1861.

Mr. BEECHER delivered a lecture here this evening. Previous to the commencement of the lecture there was an attempt made at disturbance by hissing. The organ first played "Yankee Doodle," which was enthusiastically applauded.

We have long been aware of the proclivity of the eminent ecclesiastic in question for theatrical "gags," but had no idea that he was so thoroughly *au fait* with the tactics of the proscenium. His strategy in the case above reported must have been the result of conference with a synod consisting of Forrest, Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Stuart of the Winter Garden, Laura Keene, Lester Wallack, Fox and Lingard and Sam Cowell. From this presbytery the Roscian divine learned that when Stubbles made his appearance as Gasser, in the farce of "No you don't!" at Niblo's, there was "an attempt made at disturbance by hissing," on account of Stubbles being difficult to swallow; but that our robust friend, John Cooke, saved him by starting off the fiddles into Yankee Doodle. Thus, when the Reverend Roscius found that he wasn't going down smoothly at Boston, he invoked the aid of St. Cecilia, who came at his call, and coated the pill Henry Ward Beecher so nicely with the sugar of Yankee Doodle, that the audience didn't know when they had swallowed it.

From our Wall Street Contributor.

In what particular does a Bear, when Lame-Ducked, resemble all mankind? He was "ruined by the fall."

OUR COMPROMISE.

ANITY Fair Readers. Vanitarians! Vanity Fairies! Vanities of the Old Dutch sort.

Give heed unto the Voice of your Uncle. Lend—or donate—a listening ear to a Compromise. For who has a better right to offer one? Not that we generally do anything that is being done by everybody. But this, you see is a Fair Proposition. A VANITY FAIR Proposition. A Compromise which, in view of all the ex- and at-tenuating circumstances which must of necessity be taken into the account, shows itself to be, in the opinion of our I. I.—now don't read that eyes; we mean Infallible Instinct, which, by the way is a mighty good thing to have in the Editor's room; lying around loose, so to speak, but H'm!—where were we?—*voyons*—ah! yes—we were saying that this Proposition which we are about to make shows itself to be a—well, a Compromise. You must all know by this time what sort of animal that is.

Our Platform—that is to say, one very large plank in our Platform is, that all Men, Women, and Children (would that they could always *stay* children) might, could, would or should, and certainly ought to have a Good Time generally, henceforth and forever. And in order that we may not be in any degree misunderstood, we desire to explain that we mean emphatically A Good Time! A Superexcellent and Magnificent Time. A Time when all the women shall wear pretty boots, (twos, of course); have unlimited supplies of JOUVIN's best (No. 9*); and flirt with never less than six men at once; when all the men shall be permitted to talk good grammar and have corner lots; when black hair-dye shall no longer give an invisible-bottle-green color. (Just cast your eyes toward the Cut at the head of this column. Consider the style of the two interesting parties. You think it will do very well, no doubt. As the world goes they're having the best sort of a Good Time. Well we don't. When our Good Time comes you will wonder how you ever could admire such absurd things.) When Major Gen. Charles shall become Citizen Charles; when Alderman Dayton shall find out all he wants to know about City Salaries; when Horace—*ce cher* Horace—shall have nothing in the *World* to worry him; when there never shall be, on any subject, an Impress. Confl., no Dead-Rabbit Rows—not even a little one-horse, one-eyed Mayor Row; when—well, we might go on for a month, and get in every man's When, to Our satisfaction if not to his own, *but*—yes, alas! we must say But; for, you know, man *will* eat and he *must* drink, therefore we drop this branch of the subject—for obvious reasons.

Now, (to come back to out Mutton), we propose that we individually and collectively, shall have, possess, or be seized of a Good Time. But how!! Our Compromise which is to bring about this result will, we are confident, be fully appreciated and approved.

Last week, you know, we got disgusted and pitched into Politicians; the whole Golden-Rule-forsaking pack of them. And we'll do it again the first good chance we have. We do not wish to be severe upon them on this present occasion, but, fellow-sufferers Promiscuous Public, we advise you to compromise with circumstances. We beg you to rid yourselves at once and for all time of Politicians, and consequently of all disasters and calamities caused by them. Lift your strong right hands against TREASON wherever it way rise. Cut off its head, thus leaving REASON in its place. (N. B. The application of this in the present crisis is, no doubt, apparent. Men of Front and Water Streets! send no more Bohea or Oolong—not another T—not even Gunpowder, to—we need not say where.) Denizens of Cities! begin at once! Before breakfast! Blot out the whole Race! Fillmore Toombs with Clay or other-Wise than all your Masons, no matter where they Hale from, can build! Dwellers in the Rural Districts! Wade into every Lane, and annihilate, eradicate all Th'low Weeds, dirty Cobbs, dead Branches, Orr other useless Rhettched trash unless they will consent to Grow better! Scuttle your Briggs! have Dunn with Rust, by all means, where Everett may be found! Strap up the legs of all Vicious Mayors, and put not a bit—of anything into their mouths, etc., *etc.*, ETC.. ETCETERA!

There's an outline for you! Men of Energy! now go to Work!

*Evil Fate has tried to be witty at the expense of the ladies, by turning our 6 upside-down.

BY ALL MEANS.

"Joy to the world." Shout, oh! ye Impecunious. Sing, 'Alellu-jah! Raise up your voices, Cry aloud, Make yourselves heard, et people know you are around, all people who are poor but mart, and know any politicians. Hold your individual breaths, my readers, while I announce to you that it is found, the philosopher's stone, the universal panacea, the great-make-every-man-rich-affair, the placers that every one can work, the mine wherein every one can mine who has a mind, the thing in fact. Would ye know where. Gather round, oh! poor ones! while I point out to you this source of Monte-Christian wealth. Perhaps you all read it; in the saintly *World*, perhaps not; but I found it there—thus—

"The House Com: on Elections have considered the SICKLES, WILLIAMSON contested seat, and have unanimously given the seat to Mr. SICKLES. Mr. WILLIAMSON, however is to be allowed salary and mileage, the same as he had been elected."

That's it, that's the Idea, splendid thing. Run for Congress—only run—it ain't necessary to be elected, better be defeated, for you keep out of bad company and have no trouble, run for Congress and contest the election.

Salary and mileage! all election expenses paid and a plum or two over.

There can of course be no question as to the propriety of receiving this money, for the son of WILLIAM wouldn't touch it if it wasn't all right. Of course not. There can be no second opinion in regard to the justice of allowing this sum to defeated candidates. By all means, nary.

Perhaps some old fogies might think we had better give the "spoons" to ANDERSON, who has done something for his country, but wouldn't that be deviating from the Congressional rule, to never do anything they ought to, therefore I say, let's all run for Congress, and here's my name to begin with

For Receiver of Salary and Mileage,

"ARCHER."

Carving at Ham.

When LOUIS NAPOLEON was in prison at Ham, it is reported that he occupied his time in carving an elaborate walking cane which is now in the possession of a gentleman in this city. Our cynical contributor says that such an occupation was perfectly natural, since it was the only stick he could at that time cut.

Something in a Name.

Our colored contributor suggests that the Southern States ought to be called the Cotton-Wool States, as this name would define both their peculiar staple and their peculiar institution.

What They Need.

A French friend says that the great requirement of our Federal Army-Officers, just now, is "*Fort étude!*"

LAW OF MASTER AND SERVANT.

HIS sets forth an agreed statement of facts laid before the Lord Mayor of London, whose decision the parties agree to abide by. One W., with no permanent domicile, takes one J. as "inside Man." The nature of his duties does not clearly appear. Chiefly to mind the premises, and to wait. No rate of wages fixed. After some weeks, W. suddenly, and without warning, discharges J. Question. *Is J. entitled to wages? if yea, at what rate?* *The Lord Mayor.*—On the one hand we are asked to believe W. to be a monster, and hard to live with (forever blowing up, is the phrase used,) of a suspicious temper, jealous of Men speering into his affairs. Complaining it was hard lines, that he was so much tried, that he was dreadfuly cut up, and at times would even "blubber." After being there in the depths, he would behave with great levity. This, however, seems to have been on the surface entirely, though he could rise to an emergency. He clearly never was *insane*, though undeniably light-headed, his intellect burns bright. We must look elsewhere for the motive of his treatment of J., whom he discharged. Let us suppose J. had similarly thrown up his situation? Would W. have stomached it? Yet for J. he had no bowels, nor for the salt tears J. shed. J. seems to have been regularly taken in, and to be entitled to recompense, at the usual rate of wages paid to inside-men. And I find accordingly. Upon his Worship's concluding, he was much complimented by the Wigs within the bar upon his luminous opinion. It was whispered about that the parties were *Jonah and the Whale*.

MOTHER GOOSE-BERRIES.

THE WISE MAN OF PENSACOLA.

There was a man whose name was CHASE,
An Engineer was he;
He spent his life in building forts,
To keep off foes by sea.

And when he found the forts were built,
With arms and traitrous men,
He marched against them from the land,
And took them back again.

"BA, BA, BLACK SHEEP."

(Revised expressly for this paper.)

"Ba, Ba, BAILEY, have you any bonds?"
"Yes, dear THOMPSON, I've left you the coupons,
Some for me and RUSSELL, and some for Mr. FLOYD,
But none for poor old Uncle Sam,
Whose credit COBB destroyed."

"LITTLE BO-PEEP."

Little Beau PICKENS
Has counted his chickens
Before he knew where to find 'em,
Let 'em alone,
And they'll come home,
And leave Beau PICKENS behind 'em!

THE S. C. SPIDER TO THE N. Y. FLY.

Gen. PICKENS, S. C. (seceder) publishes a notification, that all trading vessels, not having United States troops or munitions on board, are invited to Charleston.

"Will you walk into our harbor?" says PICKENS, on the sly,
"With sunken ships and put out lights, its the prettiest you can't spy.
You've only got to shove your boom in range of our big guns,
When we'll tax you ten per cent., excluding other duns.
Will you walk in, Fly?"

MORAL.

Now all you ships take warning by this foolish little fly,
For PICKENS is the spider, that to catch you fast will try;
Though you may think that my advice to you is all in sport,
You're lost if you go sailing in that Charlestonian port.
Remember, O remember, the foolish little fly!

A NEW SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Sing a song of Sumpter,
A Fort in Charleston bay;
Eight-and-sixty brave men
Watch there night and day.

Those brave men to succor,
Still no aid is sent;
Isn't JAMES BUCHANAN
A pretty President!

JAMES is in his Cabinet
Doubting and debating;
ANDERSON's in Sumpter,
Very tired of waiting.

PICKENS is in Charleston,
Blustering of blows;
Thank Goodness March the Fourth is near,
To nip Secession's nose.

WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

VANITY FAIR would call attention to the fact, that it is not a very laborious thing for men in the North, where there is but one feeling on the subject, to Speak and Write boldly for the preservation of these States. But in the South, where madness rules the hour, he who stands up fearlessly and seeks to drive back the whirlwind which is raging there, is richly entitled to the thanks and admiration of the good and patriotic, here and everywhere. A few hours of careful reflection will convince the intelligent reader that it is easier to swim with the popular current than to turn and swim against it—that, to discard moist metaphor and descend to dry Saxon, it is more pleasant to be brave when there is no danger than when there is! Hence it was natural for Shakespeare, or Somebody, to remark, "Give me Liberty or give me Death, especially Liberty!" We reward the united Union-loving North with an approving smile. We say, "Good boys. You are doing your duty!" But for those great heroes in the South, who are gallantly fighting the monster Secession against most fearful odds—fighting him right where he is, hitting him, indeed, right where he lives—for these men we do more. We damage our lungs hurrahing for them. We present them (so to speak) with star-spangled suits of clothes. We give them cordial letters of introduction and recommendation to our particular friend, the Goddess of Liberty, requesting her to take good care of them, now and always. We wear them in our heart of hearts, for they suit us. VANITY FAIR will not cease to hope while JOHNSON, BOULIGNY, WINTER DAVIS, ETHERIDGE, SHERRARD CLEMENS, and glorious Old CRITTENDEN can speak, and JOHN MAGINNIS and Parson BROWNLOW write.

THE EXPRESS UPON SKATES.

By this we do not mean that the renowned "Pony" traverses the plains of the far west, upon patent rockers! neither is it our intention to serve up ADAMS & Co. upon ice. The *Evening Express* is the party on skates referred to, and the figures it has been cutting are remarkably expressive. Under the caption "The Skating Mania," for instance, the *Express* of the sixth of February gives a powerful description of the reckless career of some young persons who frequent the Brooklyn Ponds. Speaking of the dangers to which the hapless *debutant* upon skates is exposed, our graphic cotemporary says:

> Gathering himself for a magnificent movement, off shoots his right leg, which eccentric motion is generally followed by corporeal position decidedly more horizontal than perpendicular.

The *Express* neglects to inform us what disposal is made of all the "shot off" right legs when the Brooklyn ponds come to be swept after a carnival—or carnage. Are the right legs restored to the right owners, or are they Left? Again; can it be possible that these limbs are claimed as perquisites by the pond sweepers, and that their export for some mysterious purpose has given rise to the continual rumors of "Arms for the South?"

HORACE SICK!

POOR BOY! WELL GIVE HIM HIS GRUEL AND ELIXIR. HE'LL SOON BE UP AND ROUND AS SAUCY AS EVER!

Effort.

What would be the most definite manner of finding out the difference between a Fort and an Effort?

Attempt to take Fort Sumter.

Very likely!

Several of our mathematical friends have been seen frequenting lager-beer musical saloons lately in search of *Lager-rhythms*.

A Slight Cause of War.

Strange that South Carolina should be so jealous of Major ANDERSON'S receiving a Complement!

Station House.

The whiskey-drinker's morning Reflection.

"Cuss-toddy!"

Army or Navy?

Will the President send a Sloop-of-War to the assistance of the Southern forte, or a Brig—aid?

Secession Hospitality.

Ejecting the patients from the Marine Hospital near New Orleans.

Sum Objections to Southern Unity.

Additional division.

The Southern Negro's Hymn.

The Massa lazy Hymn.

How the Abolitionists disturb Slavery.

By Filips (WENDELL)

Wise in his own Conceit.

Thinking he can take Washington.

Motto for the New Empire of Mississippi.

"We are all Bonds-men here!"

Infanticide.

South Carolina destroying the Buoys.

Good for the Newsboys.

The Extra-'dition case in Canada.

WHAT THE NATION SAID TO ITS SERVANTS.

Come back to your homes! let the voice of the Nation
Be heard in this hour of the nation's decline;
For the hearts of its children in every relation
Are beating in unison—palm-tree with pine.

Come back to your homes! from your noise and confusion,
Your babble of tongues and your wisdom of fools;
Where your toil is a myth, and our hopes a delusion;
We sent you for workmen—we find you but tools.

Come back to your homes! we need men in your places,
With brains to conceive and with power to fulfil;
You have jogged on so long 'twixt the government traces
You have lost all the power to act, with the will.

Come back to your homes! we'll replace you with others,
With will stern as steel, with nerve like the rock;
With hearts that beat time with the hearts of their brother,
With honor to guard them against every shock.

Come back to your homes! you who venture to tamper
With liberty's right, the divine right of man;
Who dare the swift wheel of our Union to hamper,
Come back to your homes! and return if you can.

Come back to your homes! there's a mutter of thunder,
A rumble of something portentous to you;
'Twill need but a word,—say a drunken clerk's blunder
To give native hemp and trees something to do.

Come back to your homes! By the blood of your sires,
We have borne with you long, but we will not bear longer;
Ere the torch of rebellion hath kindled its fires,
We shall try if our will, or your power be the stronger.

Secession Hostilities.

One-Hos-tility!

ABOLITION TRACKS.

[LATEST EDITION.]

CAN'T FIND A REST FOR DE SOLE OB DE FOOT ARUM,
FY-YI-YI, GOT TO SHIN ALONG-ARUM,
BOYS FROW CAT-ARUM, PELT US WID DE EGG-ARUM;
FY-YI-YI, ALL'S GOIN' WRONG-ARUM!